

SLEEP REFORM.

The Man Who Tried It and the Way It Worked.

Col. Henry Watterson, who is at present lecturing in the larger cities, tells a story of an old compositor, whose life had been given up to hard work and the following of eccentric ideas, one of which was that the human race slept too much. He had several theories to advance in support of his idea, one of them being to cut down the usual number of sleeping hours by graduation and finally arrive at a state where, by practice, one would be satisfied with a much smaller amount of sleep than one was getting.

To show his confidence in his theory he began to practice the new idea as follows: He usually slept nine hours. He explained that he would cut this down a half hour for each week that passed until he had reduced his number of sleeping hours to two, which he claimed was all that was needed by anyone.

The time went by and the old fellow had kept to his rule laid down and finally reached the two-hour time.

He went along for several weeks sleeping but two hours daily, devoting the time gained in reading and advocating his idea. While there was a noticeable decrease in his weight, he seemed to stand it very well.

Then he began to talk of further reducing the time, and, when enthusiastic, talked of the possibility of one doing without sleep entirely.

He set type and was an old hand on the paper. One morning, about three weeks after he had reached his low sleeping mark, the compositor at the case next to his noticed the old man had dropped his head upon his arms that were folded over the case. It was near quitting time. All the forms were up and the old chap was not disturbed. He had gone to sleep. The office was soon deserted with the exception of the janitor and the sleeper. The janitor was instructed not to bother him.

The next day when the first man arrived he was still sleeping as they had left him and snoring so hard that he jarred the type in the case on which he rested.

Someone told his wife where he was and she concluded to let him sleep.

He slept on in that position for twenty hours. Then they carried him to a bed at home, still sleeping. He slept for thirty-two hours, and when he woke up he had forgotten how to set type and had to learn to read again, although his memory was good in other respects.

Col. Watterson uses the story as a simile for a political situation, which he enlarges upon in select circles—N. Y. Journal.

GREAT CRAB SPIDERS.

Unpleasant-Looking Creatures Which Still Have Friends and "Little Defenders."

To tell of all the different kinds of spiders would take many books. Spiders are of all sizes, from the dreadful big terror, of which you have heard, the celebrated tarantula, which lives only in hot countries, to the tiny little spiders that can secrete themselves in such small spots that the sharpest eyes have hard work to find them.

Not only do they differ in size but in habits and in the variety and style of their houses and of their method of establishing their nurseries and bringing up their children. Some spiders live in the air out of doors, some in the corners of old buildings, some in the ground, and some on the water. There does not seem to be any variety yet found which inhabits flies, but perhaps some may be discovered. The giant of the spider family, the great crab spider, lives principally in South America.

This specimen is from two and one-half to three inches long. Their legs are at least five inches long. Most spiders live upon flies and very small insects. But the crab spider is very bold and pugnacious, and will attack any creature, not only his own size but even larger, with the intent to make a dinner of his enemy. Small birds, lizards and other little creatures are just the kind of supplies which suit his taste and supply his larder.

This gentleman is what is called a "night spider"—that is, he spends most of the day in sleep and takes the night to gambol about in search for his meals. At this time, when all little birds are safely (as they think) asleep in their nests, he creeps up a tree and quickly finds out some of these unsuspecting little creatures. He is very strong and fierce, and finding his prey off guard he generally succeeds in killing it.

Pty.

"Should I fly with Edwin, papa?
Would the bills be paid by cheese?"
The old man sternly eyed her
And said: "No flies on me!"

—Puck.

STREET ACROBATS IN JAPAN.

Clever Little People Who Do Almost Impossible Tricks for Small Pay.

During a jirkish ride along the streets of any Japanese city the traveler is almost sure to see a group of young street acrobats, quaint little people grotesquely dressed. Their ages will range generally between three and twelve years, and all have been regularly trained.

Their dress consists mainly of loose trousers, a bright-colored jacket and a peculiar headress. The trousers are baggy, made of a strong material resembling blue and white bed ticking, and tied at the ankle. The jacket and shirt are bright and conspicuous.

The front of the headress represents the half-opened mouth of a dragon, while the back is ornamented with many cocks' plumes. From under the headress falls a curtain of thin red material, thrown carelessly back over the shoulders, the whole being securely held on the head by a piece of red cloth which ties underneath the chin.

These little lumps are always laughing, full of fun, ever ready to play harmless jokes on one another. Some of their most skillful antics, says Youth's Companion, will be followed by simply throwing themselves into ridiculous positions, intended solely to keep spectators in a good humor.

You are startled to see them suddenly stand upon their heads, heels in air, or bend backward until their saucy little faces will be seen inverted between their knees. Again, they will walk on their hands, and quite unexpectedly change from their position, rolling and tumbling over each other, jumping, kicking or prancing, and trying in every way to attract the attention of the passer-by.

One of them continually beats a small drum and sings at the top of his voice, doing his best to add to the din. Their entire performance is given in the hope of earning a few rin—a small copper coin, worth less than the tenth of an American cent.

When a foreigner passes the little acrobats redouble their efforts, for they know that they stand a chance of getting a silver coin.

These little people have often followed my jirkish for a long distance, continuing their gymnastics, and sometimes their persistence becomes troublesome, always hoping for an additional coin, and being ever ready to work for it, they carry out the deep-rooted principles of the Japanese character—industry, patience and perseverance.

OUR TREATY WITH ENGLAND.

Was Written on Cheap Paper and Tied with Blue Ribbon.

The first thing was to get from the king of England a statement that he and his ministers were willing formally to acknowledge American independence. When this was done three American commissioners went to Paris, in order to be upon neutral territory, and there they met one David Hartley, who had been named by the king to represent Great Britain. Each spent some time examining the other's credentials to see that they were treating with the right parties. When finally satisfied upon this important matter, they took a few sheets of common and rather coarse white paper, nine by fifteen inches in size, and folded once, and at the top of the first page of it they wrote, in coarse and crude hand: "In the name of the most holy and undivided Trinity."

Writing in unbroken lines across the entire page, on both sides of the paper, and frequently referring each to the other as "high mightinesses," these commissioners filled nearly four sheets of the paper and at the end they signed their names. David Hartley signed first, and he placed his name away up in the left hand corner, just under the last line of the text, where it appears almost crowded off the paper by the names of the American signers, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin and John Jay.

They tied the sheets together with some very narrow and very cheap blue ribbon, the ends of which were fastened to the paper with patches of red sealing wax. This wax they needlessly burned in placing it just at the left of their signatures.

This is the definite treaty of Versailles, now yellow and faded. By it Great Britain formally renounced all claim to the thirteen original states. These four sheets of cheap paper, with their "high mightinesses," their "most potents," and their faded blue ribbon, constitute the official close of the revolutionary war.—Harper's Magazine.

A Fact Worth Knowing.

Consumption, LaGrippe, Pneumonia, and all throat and Lung diseases are cured by Shiloh's Cure

An Indication.

Mr. Northside walked into his parlor the other evening and was rather surprised to see his daughter sitting on young Mr. Hilltop's lap.

The young people were surprised, too.

The older man was the first to recover his equanimity, and as Miss Northside found her feet he remarked:

"Ah, Lucy! I see your race for a husband is nearly over."

"What makes you say that, papa?" asked the girl, blushing painfully.

"You seemed to be on the last lap,"—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.

Wanted a Sprinter.

"So you want a job on the ice-wagon, do you?"

"Yes, sir," replied the boy.

"I'm a dandy lifter. I can pick up as much weight as two ordinary men."

"That's no good in this business. Get out and let's see you sprint while I hold the watch on you."

"You want a runner?"

"That's right. I want somebody that can get a burst of speed on him that'll get ten pounds of ice from the wagon to a customer's front door before it melts."—Washington Star.

Ring for Prayers.

A very pretty story about a confiding child is told of the four-year-old son of a member of the Georgia legislature. Having left the boy in a room of one of the big hotels of the metropolis, with the command to go to bed immediately, he went down to seek his congenial friends in the office. The bell-boys were soon thrown into consternation by the many and various calls from the room in which the little fellow had been left, and quite a number of them were soon collected there. But it was not ice water or fire or a "B. and S." that the child wanted. He astonished the boys with this unusual request: "Please, sirs, send some one to me to hear me say my prayers."—Harper's Magazine.

The New York Times

The Times is a newspaper for intelligent men and women who want to read all the news of the world every day. The paper has distinguishing merits of its own. It is neither sensational nor dull. It is not sour-tempered. It tells of the bad when it must, but not unwholesomely. It prints with fullness the record of human endeavor in many fields outside of business, politics, and war—in literature, religion, science, art, sports, and household matters. No paper in the country prints so many book reviews and so much book news. No paper has so complete a financial page—a daily manual for investors and officers of financial institutions. Its market reports—wool, cotton, breadstuffs, farm products, &c.—are the best in the country.

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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Jackson, Miss.,
December 5, 1895.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Circuit Clerk of Attala county, at Kosciusko, Miss., on Jan. 20, 1896, viz: Andrew L. Seawright of McCool, Miss., H. E. No. 19275 for the S E q of N W q of Sec. 29 T 16 N R 9 East.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: J. R. McGee, John W. Winters, Columbus Black, Philip Proctor, all of McCool, P. O., Attala county, Miss.

ROBERT E. WILSON,
Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Jackson, Miss.,
December 5, 1895.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Circuit Clerk of Attala county, at Kosciusko, Miss., on January 21, 1896, viz: James R. McGee of McCool, Miss., H. E. No. 21354 for the W 1/2 of N W q of Sec. 29 T 16 N R 9 East adjoining farm to N E q of N W q of Sec. 29 T 16 N R 9 East.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: A. L. Seawright, John W. Winters, Columbus Black, Philip Proctor, all of McCool, P. O., Attala county, Miss.

ROBERT E. WILSON,
Register.

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